LEMON JUICE FOR FRECKLES

Girls! Make beauty lotion for a few cents-Try It!

Squeeze the juice of two lemon into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beau-tifler, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck. arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes disappear and how clear, soft and rosy-white the skin becomes. Yes! It and never irritates.-Adv. Yes! It is harmless

LIFT OFF CORNS!

Doesn't hurt at all and costs only a fee cents



Magist Just drop a little Freezon en that touchy corn, instantly it stops aching, then you lift the corn off with

the fingers. Truly! No humbug!
Try Freezone! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle for a few cents, sufficient to rid you feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the discovery of a noted Cincinnati genius.—Adv.

Real Wonder-Worker For Wrinkled Faces

Those who have tried all sorts of so-called "wrinkle removers" in a vain effort to lose those unwelcome traces of age, illness or worry, can scarcely find words to express their delight with the wonderful saxolite formula, once they have given it a trial. The success of this method is due not alone to its marvelous effecliveness-upon the deepest lines and crowsfeet, as well as upon the very fine ones—but also to its surprising-ly quick action and its entire harmleasness. It simplicity is another commendable feature, for one need only dissolve an ounce of powdered saxolite in a half pint witch hazel, and hathe the face in this solution. At once a remarkable transformation is

At is not only the effect on wrinkles and creases that is so noticeable,
but facial contour is remarkably improved and the face looks much
younger. One should be sure to ask
the druggist for the powdered saxolife. The lotion, being so refreshing,
is particularly grateful to tired faces.

—Adv.

As been finally settled and the day
of reckoning comes. The trouble is
the victims, naturally, enough — I'm
thinking of the women, of course—
aren't a bit anxious to tell their pitiful tales. They feel ashamed. Can't
blame 'em, but justice must have its
way. It's a painful job."

Only a Parson Cirl

Banish Nervousness

Put Vigor and Ambition Into Run-Down, Tired Out People

Out People

If you feel thred out, out of sorts, despondent, mentally or physically depressed, and lack the desire to accomplish things, get a 50 cent box of Wendell's Ambition Pills at Hindle's Pharmacy or Joseph D. Hartigan's today and take the first big step toward feeling better right away.

If you drink too much, smoke too much, or are nervous because of overwork of any kind, Wendell's Ambition Pills will make you feel better in three days or money back from Hindle's Pharmacy and Joseph D. Hartigan's on the first box purchased.

For all affections of the nervous system, constipation, loss of appetite, lack of confidence, trembling, kidney or liver complaints, sleeplessness, exhausted vitality or weakness of any kind get a box of Wendell's Ambition Pills to-

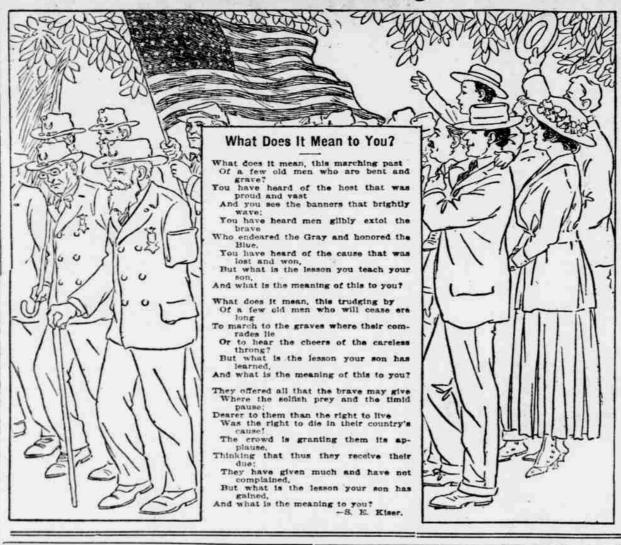


Your Hair from Falling

How many times have barbers given this advice to men who are losing their hair because of dandruff and scalp irritation. At night rub Cuticura Ointment into the scalp. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. A clean, healthy scalp means good hair. Cuticura Talcum is an antiseptic, prophy actic, soothing dusting powder of delicate ascinating fragrance. 25c. everywhere.

"She says she's going to give sing

Memorial Day



The Girl Of Bailleul

By a French Staff Officer

tional News Bureau, Inc.)

We were coming back from an outpost near Bailleul on a bitterly cold night, Hawthorn had been having a look at the Maxim and anti-aircrafts guns placed round the post and I went with him because we liked each other's company. Haw-

It was one o'clock in the morning.
We trudged along in the deep snow.
I was smoking, and the colonel was thinking—thinking hard. Presently he pushed his saucy Glengarry—for Hawthorn, perfect gentleman and ideal soldier, was a Scot—further over his left ear. This meant business, I knew.

That was all I could learn. Peassants never were very good at description.

I drew up a report and read it to Hawthorne When I came back to the detailed account of the sufferings of little Suzette his lips tightened, there glessingd an awe-inspiring flame in his blue eyes. Had the noble torturer appeared at that moment I beness, I knew.
"We're all disgusted," he burst uot.

"with the atrocities the Germans have been committing here during the short time they were in this part of the country. Instructions recently came from G. H. Q. to make a list of the worst cases, with full accounts, signatures of witnesses and victims

when possible, and so on.
"This may be useful when the war It is not only the effect on wrin- has been finally settled and the day

> proven facts, unimpeachable evidence, dead certs, you understand ed, as usual-lorries by the dozen And we want descriptions and names troops on the march, refugees, shive of the Huns responsible. There's one cring Indians on top of London case—most revolting—a young girl, tor 'buses,' holding the ends or a fiere child, tortured—there's no word for it. Neighbors spoke, and word for it. Neighbors spoke, and word for it. Neighbors spoke, and trembling fingers. French gendarmes impatient "red tabs" in motor mes impatient "red tabs" in motor lously ill, and she won't speak at

"And you want to help me? You continuous, infernal booming of guns think she might tell me-one of her own people? I asked.

"Exactly! The house is a small one

in a big garden on the Lille Road, a mile from town." "I can't say the task pleases ma

"It's pleasant of course, and it has nothing to do with your duties, but I just want you to help in this. If there was never a Hun deserving of the worst conceivable punishment it's the Hun, whoever he is. And and officer, too! That much we've found out. Do spare an hour or so to-morrow—that is today—and let me know the result"

I investigated the case for the colonel's sake. Hawthorn was right. Nothing could have been more revolting. The girl was fifteen, and her Christian name was Suzette. She must have been comely and pretty. but her unspeakable sufferings had ruined her beauty.

The Clue of the Bag. Her father was at the front, some where in the Vosges. She lived alone with her grandfather, who had been unable to save her from her tortur-

er, though the ghastly business had been done under als very eyes. The tale of Suzette's martyrdom weedn't be told here. The poor child wanted a great feel of coaxing and persuading before the wou'd speak at all. The doctor who was looking after her rougtant. The neighbors had little to sav. I painfully drew a few clear statements from the a.ed grandfather His mind was numb with age, and he had not yet recov-

red from the strek. The German brute was an officer. They couldn't tell me his rank. He had only been billeted there twenty-four hours. They agreed he was quite roung, and had a batman or groom who he ill-treated and abused cease-lessly. And he had a leather bag, a very beautiful bag. There was no mme on it, only initials. The girl This matter of initials was important. I urged the old man to try to remember. He made a mighty,

"N. B.' or 'B. N..'" the cripple murmured. "Or perhaps it was 'D. B.' The lettering was different from pure, and I was never good at passion."

"Surely," I said, "you are not jumping to the conclusion that the unwholesome beggar is the very brute who tortured Suzette?"

"I don't know why." said."

(Copyright, 1919, By The Interna- | ing, or writing either, But I'm sure two big ones." Hastily I wrote down a Gothic

small "v. "Something like this?" I queried.

"Yes, that looks like it."
The small "v." evidently for "von."
The German beast belonged to the nobility. He had ridden a horse, was young, of medium height. He had no moustache. His eyes were thorn was a colonel attached to the staff of a British corps. I was a mere had no moustache. His eyes were staff of a British corps. I was a mere had no moustache. His eyes were staff of a British corps. I was a mere had no moustache. His eyes were staff of a British corps. I was a mere had no moustache. His eyes were staff of a British corps. I was a mere had no moustache. His eyes were staff of a British corps. I was a mere had no moustache. His eyes were staff of a British corps. I was a mere had no moustache. His eyes were staff of a British corps. I was a mere had no moustache. His eyes were staff of a British corps. I was a mere had no moustache. His eyes were staff of a British corps. I was a mere had no moustache. His eyes were staff of a British corps. I was a mere had no moustache. His eyes were staff of a British corps. I was a mere had no moustache. His eyes were staff of a British corps. I was a mere had no moustache. His eyes were staff of a British corps. I was a mere had no moustache. His eyes were staff of a British corps. I was a mere had no moustache. His eyes were staff of a British corps. I was a mere had no moustache. It was one o'clock in the morning. That was all I could learn. Peas-

turer appeared at that moment I be-lieve the colonel would have brained him with his fist. I would have

done it if he hadn't.

Weeks elapsed. I had been sent to another "sectaur" of the line. But I missed the old crowd, Hawthorn especially, so you can imagine my joy when I was sent up north to my old area on a five days' mission.

They all gave me the time of my life. Somehow I feel that those who made friends during the first months of the war are linked together with ties that nothing can or will break.

I was very busy, but found time for

a long ride with dear old Hawthorn. We went to Neuve Eglise and Armen-Only a Peasant Girl.
"What we are after are facts. of Neippe. The highroad, with its everlasting cobblestones, was crowdering Indians on top of London moturbans round their necks with lean It was impossible to talk in deafening din. And there was the

Prisoners of War. We passed close to the house, Suzette. I had seen her for a few

moments the day before. Near Bailleul, where the road bends at right angles, we haited, to watch an aeroplane go up. Hawthorn who was a student of physiognomy, and could read character from the face with surprising and uncanny accuracy—was talking about the dis-tinctive features of the typical pilot, when a group of prisoners passed by. There were about fifty privates and two officers.

Hawthdrn's eyes rested on the younger of the two officers. The young man's face had an unhealthy sallowness, his eyes were beady, the lips sensuous. The expression, in spite of the man's erect bearing and supercilious attitude, was coarse and

brutish. I looked at this particular prisoner, and then at Hawthorn. The col-onel nodded, and returned my gaze. We had the same thought.

That afternoon Hawthorn dropped into the little office which had been placed at my disposal and put a small bundle of papers on the table a leather portfolio, maps, a notebook, and a few letters, which I saw were written in German.

"Remember that chap this morn-We had seen scores of chaps during our ride, but I knew the one he

Was He the Culprit? "I have been thinking of him ever

since we saw him-the unwholesome beggar!" Hawthorn went on, "Now. you know that I flatter myself on be ing something of an expert in the science of reading character from the features, don't you?
"Don't smile!" the colonel added

sharply, bringing his fist down upon the table to emphasize his earnestness. "This is a serious business!"
I had never seen Hawthorn in a
temper before. It sobered me instantly. His expression was almost wol-

tive I am right. Look at this Here's his portfolio---three letters in gold 'H. v. B.' The man's name is Hermann von Broeckel. In his notebook there is an entry which chows he was in Bailleul, or the neighborhood, at the very time when Suzette was mar-

I picked .up the notebook and glanced through it. I found nothing illuminating beyond the coincidence of the dates.

Hawthorn went on: "This Hermann has just been interrogated. I was present, They only asked him the usual questions. I'll have him brought in here. Do

you mind seeing hlm?"
"I'll ask him a few questions willingly," I said. "But this is a ver-serious matter. The man is as good as sentenced to death if he is con victed. But he is not the only Ger-man officer who was round here at that particular date, and there will be quite a number whose initials are H. v. B. Besides, Suzette's grand father was not sure about the initials You can't expect an old peasant to

"Quite so. But I do not think I'm mistaken. Physiognomy, you know. By the way, don't let the wretch see we connect him with anything. Get as much out of him as possible put putting him on his guard. Now

I'll send for him."
Lieutenant Hermann von Broeckel was brought in. To the most cast. observer the fellow was a scoundrel but there was no reason to believe h was the scoundrel we were after. When I began to question him h

burst out into a flow of rude re proaches. He had been questioned already. He had nothing to say. waited for him to have done, the "Have you a brother in the Army?" said I.

"I am an only son."
"Where were you billeted when
you were staying around here in the Autumn? The man hesitated.

'At different places, but never in this 'Very close to it perhaps?'

Seeing? Yet Unseen. He did not reply. The man cer-tainly looked uneasy, and the spirit of revolt had vanished. Was he the nan? I asked several more questions

but got no replies. but got no replies.

"The only way to clear this matter up," I said, when the prisoner had been taken away, "is to confront him with Suzette and the cripple. If he's the man they ought to recognize

"Obviously. But it would be hard on Suzette," said Hawthorn, and as

he left me he added mysteriously: "I have an idea." The next morning the colonel took me to an old building, the basement

of which was used as a prison. "The Hermann fellow is down be low," he explained. "Now, I am go

ing to have all the prisoners paraded in this large room—the lot we met on the road yesterday. They'll all be bureheaded and in their shirt-sleeves so that no one can tell their rank-at any rate, by the braid and trimmings. Hermann will be one of the party to march round these rooms. "See these three holes in the wood-

en partition over there? I drove them myself with a bayonet. One of the holes for you—there's a sort of lumber room next to this—the second hole is for me, and the third, lower down, for Suzette. Suzette can be carried in on a stretcher, and can watch without effort. If Hermann is the man, Suzette wil reconsize him— she has every reason to know him."

Through the Bayonet Hole. "Will Suzette come? "She can't object. I saw the doc-He says she can stand the or-Besides she'll see him without

deal. seen. Explain that to the poo girl. I realize what her feelings must Suzette was carried into the lumber room with the greatest care. I ex-

plained to her vaguely that prisoners had just been caught, and that amongst them were men and officers whom she might have seen in or about Ballieul when the Germans were there, and that we wished to have a good luck at them—a matter of identification.

Suzette had consented to come re luctantly. We took up our positions

at the holes.

The ordeal began. The prisoners were ordered to march slowly round the room some fittle distance apart; and, puzzled and stupid, they did as

Che Read Annex

An abundant Showing of Wool Dress Goods

These will stand close inspection and prove their worth every time for quality

Please examine the following

All Wool Jersey Cloth in navy, black, Belgian blue, old rose, taupe and Burgundy colors. The latest cloth for suits and skirts, 54 inches wide,

\$2.50 a yard. Annex price.

French Serge with twill, navy, black, brown and plum, 40 inches wide, also

Mohair in black and navy, 50 inches wide. This is just right for bathing suits.

98 cts. a yard. Annex price.

Danish Cloth, black, navy and cream color, 36 inches wide,

49 cts. a yard. Annex price.

Mixed Tweeds, light and dark effects, 54 inches wide.

\$1.39 to \$1.69 a yard. Annex prices.

Black and White Checks, all wool, in right weight for dresses. 40 inches wide,

\$1.29 a yard. Annex price.

Khaki Cloth for sports skirts, middies and camping outfits. 54 inches wide,

\$1.39 a yard. Annex price.

Dress and Cape Fabrics in a fine all wool twill, correct weight for spring garments. Many shades, 40 inches wide,

\$1.39 a yard. Annex price.

Four Specials

French Serge. black and navv. 36 inches wide.

Black and white checks, 36 inches wide,

Mohair, black and navy, 36 inches wide,

Black Albatross 36 inches,

69 cts. a yard

Remnants

Three hundred yards All Wool Dress Goods Remnants, lengths from 2 to 6 yards. \$1.38 a yard.

A big flurry of Towels every required size

Crash Towels, hemmed, excellent dish towels, Huck Towels, hemmed, good 12½ cts.

Huck Towels, half linen, hemmed, a special price 25 cts. Turkish Towels, 15 cts. Turkish Towels, heavy and 39 cts. absorbent,

> Bleached Muslin, good quality priced at only

> > 14 cts. a yard.

Ask for This Corset

An excellent corset specially made for average sized figures. Comes in pink and white, sizes 19 to 27.

\$1.45 Annex price.

Brassieres, heavy lace trimming, sizes 36, 38 and 40.

25 cts. while they last.

Unbleached Muslin, used for many purposes,36 inches wide,

10 cts. a vard.

The Read Annex

"No, monsieur," the child answered wearily. wearily. "Why did you bring me to this place?" "What is it all about? I feel so tired." this place ?"

Her eyes had strayed away from her spy-hole. I heard Hawthorn draw in his breath sharply. Von Broeckel was walking in. Paying the Extreme Penalty.

"Keep on looking Suzette," I whis-The girl turned her eyes once more to the hole and looked straight at Von Broeckel.

"Ah Mon Dieu!" she gasped, with a little, strangled cry. Hawthorn straightened. 'You are sure, Suzette?" "I would know him in a thous-

Hawthorn left the room. Then h returned and beckoned me. Will you tell this German officer, he said, "just what has taken place? The next day I bade goodbye to my friends, including little Suzette. Colonel Hawthorn accompanied me to

"He confessed, and they shot him at dawn," he said briefly "But they shot a dead man. He died of fright!"

NO PILFERING HERE. In an engineering works a good deal of pilfering had been going on

among the men. The proprietor spoke to the foreman, an Irlshman, telling him that if he had any suspicions he was to search the men be-fore they left. One evening Pat had occasion to do this, and while in the act of tell-ing his men to take their coats off the

proprietor arrived.
"Well. Pat, what is missing now?" he asked. "A wheelbarrow, sir," was the Irishman's answer.

RECEPTACLE FOR HAIRPINS. Mrs. Styles—This paper says that in front of a large London building there was recently found a pigeon's nest, made of hairpins. Where do you suppose the pigeons found the hair-

Mr. Styles—Oh, I suppose a lot of women in the violnity couldn't keep their mouths shut.—Exchange,

PIANOS ARE WANTED ALL OVER WORLD

A marked demand for planos and musical instruments is being felt in all parts of the country, and manuducing at capacity to meet this con-dition. Because of the somewhat re-duced production during the war, the stimulus given to music in these try-ing days, and the larger pocket-book of the wage earner, there had been an unusual turnover of pianos and phonographs. At present, judging by a survey made by the National Plano Manufacturers' Association, New York, demand is particularly felt for the higher priced instruments among the upright and grand planes and the more expensive phonographs.

The cultivation of the public taste or musical appreciation among those not themselves performers may be observed from the fact that about one half of the pianos which are be-Many of the styles of these instru-ments command a price running into thousands of dollars, and it is these, ogether with the art styles in case together with the art styles in case work of upright pianos and distinc-tive designs in period furniture in phonograph cabinets, that have shown the biggest increase since the first of the year. The preference for gany cases is still increasingly

ATARRH For head or throat Catarrh try the

WHAT BUSINESS WANTS.

American business, in so far as it was represented through the medium of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States at its annual meeting in St. Louis, April 28-May 1, believes that for our national readjustment and common welfare, these

things are among the essentials:
1. The placing of taxation and public expenditures on a sound business basis, and the adoption of the budget system in government. 2. Withdrawal by the government

from all activities properly belonging to individual and private initiative; specifically, return of the rali-roads, telegraphs and telephoner to their owners.

3. Revision of all the laws regulating or restraining business operations, and clarification of the rights, pow-

ers and obligations of business

4. Adequate protection of American investments abroad.

 Encouragement of America's foreign trade, both by the govern-ment, and by business and commer-cial organizations. 6. Early consideration by Congress and the Executive of the problems of domestic readjustment requiring

7. An early resumption of building operations, by both public and private agencies, as a means of facilitating return of normal conditions of industry, business, and employ-

8. Adequate national policies for the development of our waterways for transportation, and of our water re-sources for power and other purposes.

HE KNEW HER.

Mrs. Figg.—I really ought to go to hat club meeting this afterneon, but I can't get up enough energy to stack. Figg.—Wen't it help you along if I tell you not to go?—Exchange.